

To make a blynde man to se

As suche a yerde truly

Withouten ony layne

Yes sayd our lord that I can

Make suche a yerde certan

O he that is an olde man

To make hym yonge agayne

The smyth sayd so mote I the

I haue askt of be quene with me,

Myne owne beldame is she

I tell the without ony layne

It is forty wynter and mo

Syth on fote she dyde go

And thou coude make her yonge so

Than wolde I be fayne

Our lord sayd where is she

Anone late me her se

And thou shalte se a maystre

More than thou can

The smyth sayd so mote I the

I shall fetch her vnto the

Anone than full wyghtely

After her the smyth ran

And sayd dame slepest thou

I am come for the, thou mayst me trowe

Thou shalte be made nowe

Agayne a yonge woman

109 He hente her no than on hwe

Don. b.

To make a blynde man to se

As suche a yerde truly

Withouten ony layne

Yes sayd our lord that I can

Make suche a yerde certan

O he that is an olde man

To make hym yonge agayne

The smyth sayd so mote I the

I haue askt of be quene with me,

Myne owne beldame is she

I tell the without ony layne

It is forty wynter and mo

Syth on fote she dyde go

And thou coude make her yonge so

Than wolde I be fayne

Our lord sayd where is she

Anone late me her se

And thou shalte se a maystre

More than thou can

The smyth sayd so mote I the

I shall fetch her vnto the

Anone than full wyghtely

After her the smyth ran

And sayd dame slepest thou

I am come for the, thou mayst me trowe

Thou shalte be made nowe

Agayne a yonge woman

109 He hente her no than on hwe

Don. b.

Make hym on tyme anone  
 With thy excellent maysterye  
 Than the smyth gan saye  
 Syr what shall I to the paye  
 Or thou wende thy waye  
 Thy crafte to teche me  
 Our lord sayd than to hym agayne  
 That thou desprest is all in vayne  
 Thoughe thou woldest neuer so fayne  
 Yet wyl it neuer be  
 Thou shalte neuer yf thou wolde  
 Make a yonge man of an olde  
 Therfore be not to bolde  
 Leest it do dysceyue the  
 Yet thou toldest me longe ere  
 Thou were the wyldest man of lere  
 That was knowen ony where  
 Othre farre or elles nere  
 Fare well now and haue good daye  
 I muste forth wende on my Journaye  
 In to an other countraye  
 Amonge many craftes there  
 And leue thy hostes I rede the  
 For I tell the now trulpy  
 Is none so wysene so lere  
 But euer he may somewhat lere

**D**owlysten syrs at a sente  
And ye wyl to my tale tente  
the smyth his owne dame biente  
he nexte fyte ye shall here  
an our lord was gone  
Smyth rathely and anone  
ed vpon his dame Jone  
hadde her come on faste  
ne she answered tho  
d thou wotest I may not go  
erto cryste thou so  
hy wytte paste  
n croked and also lame  
n now to go it is no game  
dothe me moche grame  
thynketh my bones braste  
ou wotest well I may not se  
hoost I am as blynde as a be  
o yf I hpe me truly  
fall I am agaste  
e smyth hande on her layde  
me forth dame he sayde  
ou shalte be made at a brayde  
age and lusty agayne  
y dame is yonge agayne I wylle  
he is mended of her mylle  
rubbe redder it is



49  
For I am mayster of all  
That smyteth with hammer or mall  
And so may thou the call  
I tell the for veraye  
I sawe hym neuer with myn eye  
That coude werke lyke I  
I tell the full trully  
By nyght ne yet by daye  
Can thou make me a yerde of stele  
To lede a blynde man wele  
Our lord gan saye  
And make it so with thy mall  
That he shall neuer stamble ne fall  
Than a mayster I wyll the call  
Syr by myfaye  
The smyth than in a stody stode  
Sayd I trowe thou be wode  
Or elles thou can but lytell gode  
To talke of suche a rhyng  
And he be blynde he must nede  
Haue a felawe hym to lede  
That may se well in dede  
To kepe hym from fallynge  
For and two blynde men togyder go  
Full ofte they fall bothe two  
It muste nedes be so  
They haue no maner of seynge  
Now sholde a blinde dotarde

